Laughs galore with Tich & Quackers on page eight

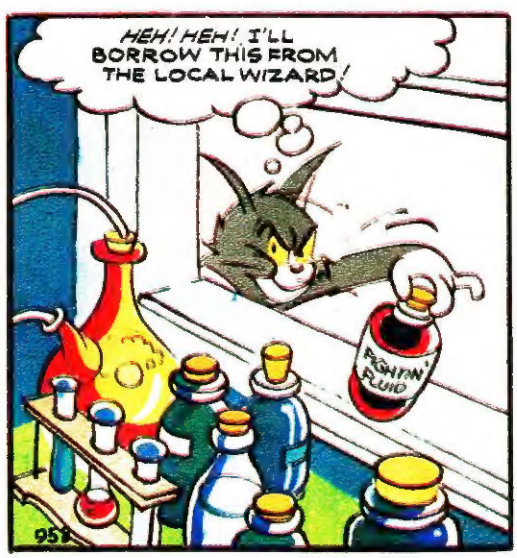
TV COMIC

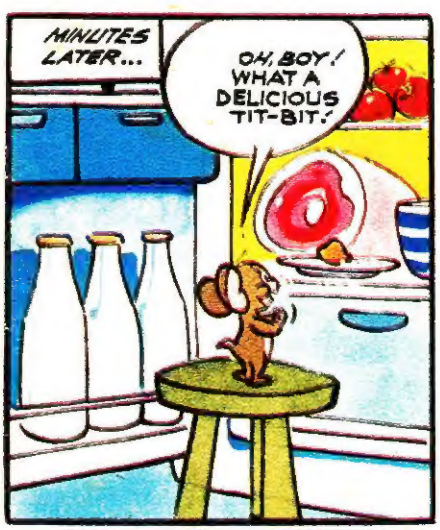
8d

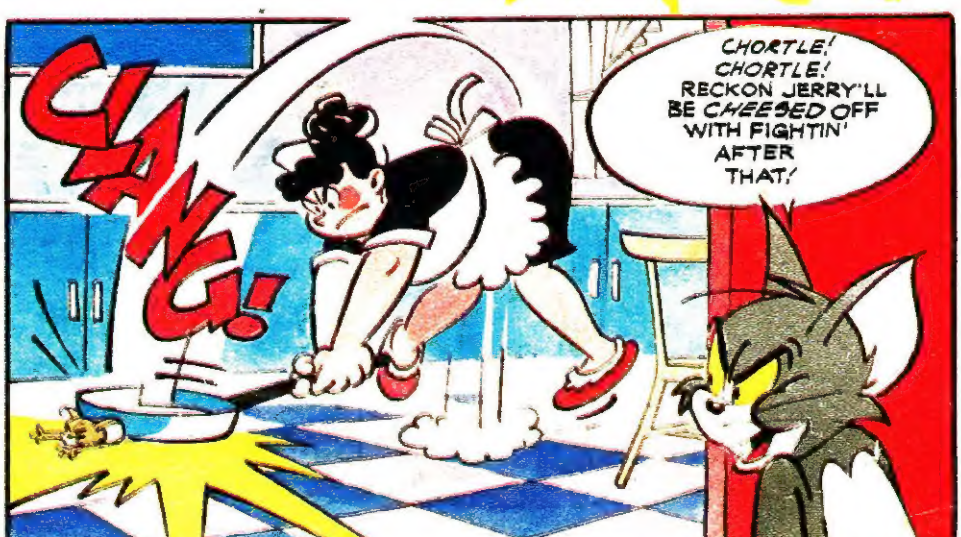
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 25th April, 1970 | Number 958

TOM and JERRY







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More Mouseterics on Page 2

A LITTLE LATER...
FIGHTIN' FLUID, EH? I BET THAT CAT WAS BEHIND THIS!
FIGHTIN' FLUID
AT THE LOCAL WIZARD'S PLACE...
THIS 'PALLY POTION' MAKES PEOPLE ALL FRIENDLY! HEH! HEH!
PALLY POTION
SO... NOBODY ABOUT! I'LL ADD SOME TO TOM'S MILK!
PALLY POTION
TOM
MINUTES LATER...
LAP! LAP!
TOM
KER-PHUT!
TOM
NICE TO SEE YOU, JERRY OLD PAL... SHAKE!
LIKEWISE, I'M SURE!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD CHUM, BUTCH!
HOW ARE YOU DOING, PAL?
I WUZZ DOING FINE... UNTIL YOU STEPPED ON MY TOE!
TAKE THAT!
BAM!
I WON'T LET A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING LIKE THAT SPOIL OUR FRIENDSHIP, BUTCH OLD BUDDY!
TE! HE! HE! HE!

Tom does ' Aero-catics ' in mid-air next week.

TV Terrors
KEEP OUT
OUTSIDE BROADCAST UNIT
NO ONE SHALL PASS... NOT EVEN THE TERRORS!
968
HEY, MAYBE HOPPIT WON'T KICK US OUT IF WE ASK FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH!
GREAT IDEA, MONICA! LET'S TRY IT!
BUZZ, KIDS! FOR THE LAST TIME, NO AUTOGRAPHS!
HELP!
OWCH!
YOW!
THUMP!
OLD MEANIE! IT WAS YOUR AUTOGRAPH WE WANTED!
M-MINE? ER....
STOP, KIDS! WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES! YOU CAN HAVE MY AUTOGRAPH!
GO ON, KICK ME. THEN WE'RE QUITS. WE'LL START FROM SCRATCH!
OH, BOY! COME ON... WE'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!
HEY! THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD! MAYBE ONE OF US WILL GET HOPPIT'S JOB WHEN WE GROW UP!
URK!
WHOP!
SPLOSH!
ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF FAME!
SQUELCH!
SQUELCH!
OH, NO! MY PEN WON'T WRITE! THE WATER'S RUINED IT!
THAT'S TOO BAD, HOPPIT! NOW YOU WON'T BE FAMOUS!
HOWEVER... I CAN STILL GIVE YOU THE AUTOGRAPHS OF TWO FAMOUS TV PERSONALITIES... KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE LAND!
THERE YOU ARE! FRED AND CHARLIE'S AUTOGRAPHS!
NO! NO! STOP!
STAMP!
STAMP!
THAT NIGHT...
BAH! HOPPIT PUT IT OVER ON US THIS WEEK! LOOK AT THE MESS HE MADE OF OUR BOOKS!
GOOD NIGHT, BOOTS. YOU'RE FAMOUS AT LAST! FAMOUS!

This page is bulging with laughs when Hoppit slims next week.

THE AVENGERS

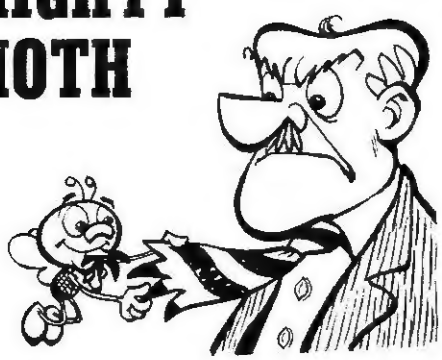
PANIC breaks out amongst men constructing a new motorway when the ghost of an ancient Roman is seen. Steed and Tara investigate and discover that the ghost vanished in the ruins of a Druid Temple. Steed decides to check the history of the area at a local library, but a sinister figure watches their departure from a secret tunnel . . .

HMM...THIS SHOWS A RIVER RUNS UNDER-GROUND FROM THE DRUID RUINS TO A LITTLE HAMLET CALLED GRUBBER'S END!
REALLY- AND WHO LIVES AT GRUBBER'S END?
OH, THAT DRIED UP MANY YEARS AGO!
WHY, SQUIRE FABIAN WITHERSPOON...HE WAS A VERY FAMOUS HISTORIAN BEFORE HE RETIRED!

Based on the Thames Television production

Follow this ' ghost ' trail next week with Steed and Tara.

MIGHTY MOTH



THIS SECRET ARMY WEAPONS RANGE IS JUST THE PLACE TO TRAP MIGHTY MOTH THIS SUIT CAN BE THE BAIT!
958

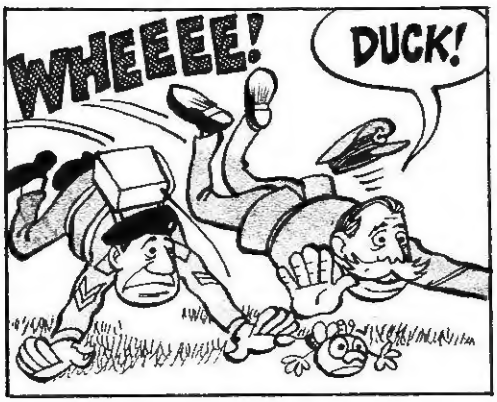
HEY, MOTHY- LOOK AT THAT SUPER SUIT JUST WAITING TO BE EATEN!

YUM- YUM! VERY TASTY!

HE'S FALLEN FOR MY TRAP! NOW I CAN BLAST HIM!

MEANWHILE...
THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT ON OUR RANGE, SIR!
WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE.

HUH! IT'S ONLY A DUMMY!
?


WHEEEE!
DUCK!

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED, CORPORAL! CALL HEADQUARTERS TO RETURN FIRE!
BOOM!

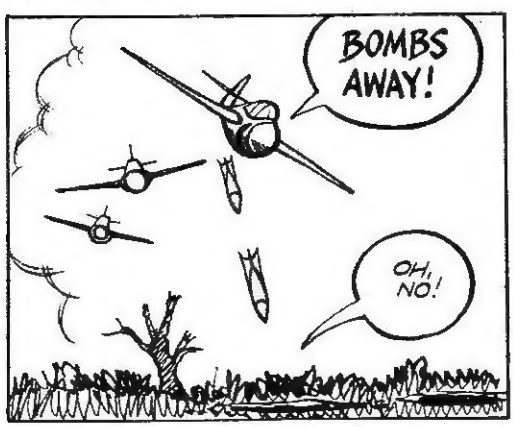
HEADQUARTERS? ATTACK- ALL FORCES AREA 5- BLUE!

SO...
FIRE!

BANG!
BOOM!
BOOM!
ERK!

FIRE!

ARGH!
BANG!
BOOM!
BOOM!

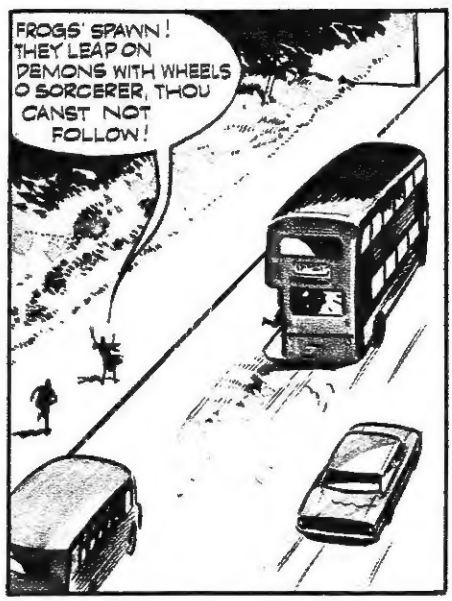

BOMBS AWAY!
OH, NO!

BAM! BOOM!

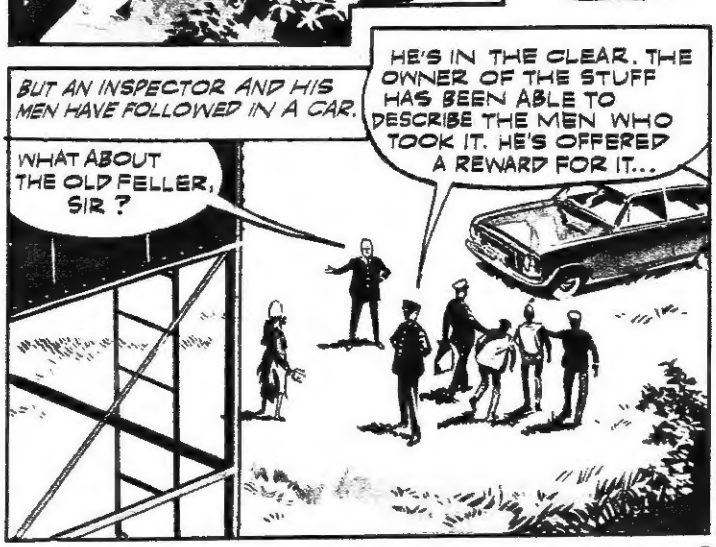
LATER...
IT'S HARD ENOUGH TACKLING MIGHTY MOTH WITHOUT TAKING ON THE ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE!

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE the sorcerer is carrying a silver candlestick that has been stolen, but he thinks the "spirits" have given it to him. He is chasing the burglars who really stole it, and they are all running out of the police station pursued by a policeman . . .



CATWEAZLE ARRIVES AS THE CROOKS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH THE REST OF THE SILVER...
HAVE AT YE, KNAVE! WOULDS'T STEAL ALL MY SILVER?
HELP! KEEP 'IM OFF, ENRY...


BUT AN INSPECTOR AND HIS MEN HAVE FOLLOWED IN A CAR.
HE'S IN THE CLEAR. THE OWNER OF THE STUFF HAS BEEN ABLE TO DESCRIBE THE MEN WHO TOOK IT. HE'S OFFERED A REWARD FOR IT...
WHAT ABOUT THE OLD FELLER, SIR?

... AND THIS OLD MAN WILL GET IT, IT SEEMS HE WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO SAVE IT FROM THE CROOKS!
SPIRITS BE PRAISED! MY SPELL HAS WORKED! NOW WILL I BE HAPPY... WITH HONEST SILVER!

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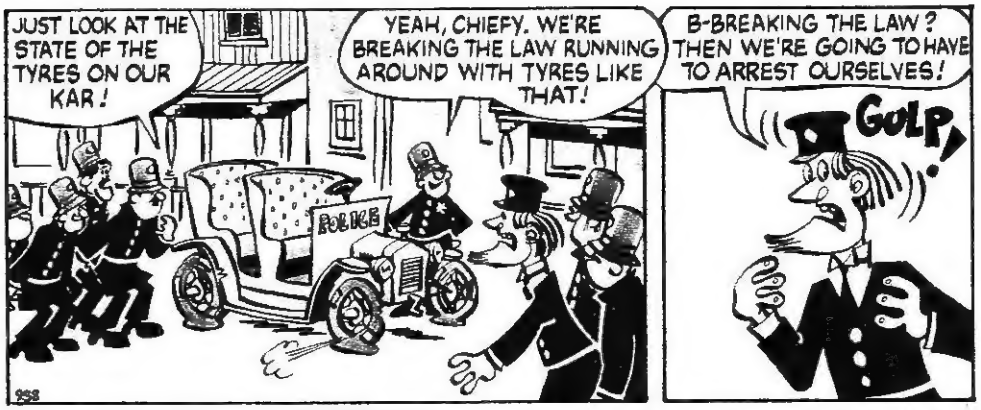
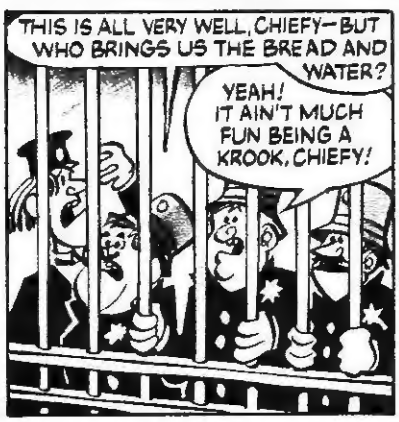
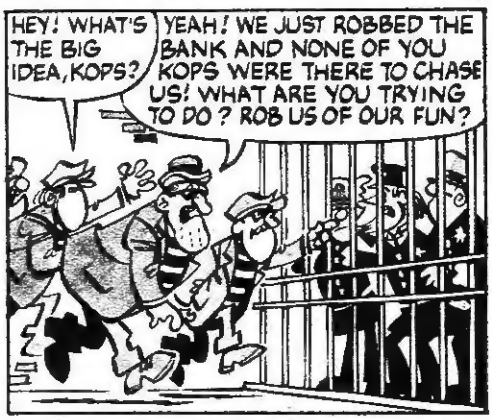
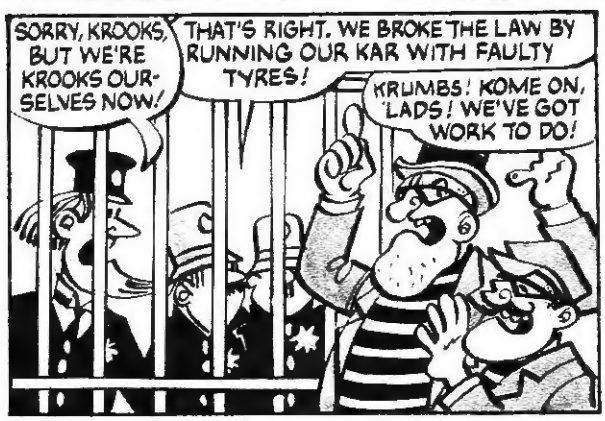
Catweazle works 'magick' on Touchwood next week.

Bob Monkhouse's **MAD MOVIES** *featuring the Keystone Kops*


JUST LOOK AT THE STATE OF THE TYRES ON OUR KAR!
YEAH, CHIEFY. WE'RE BREAKING THE LAW RUNNING AROUND WITH TYRES LIKE THAT!
B-BREAKING THE LAW? THEN WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ARREST OURSELVES!
GULP!
POLICE

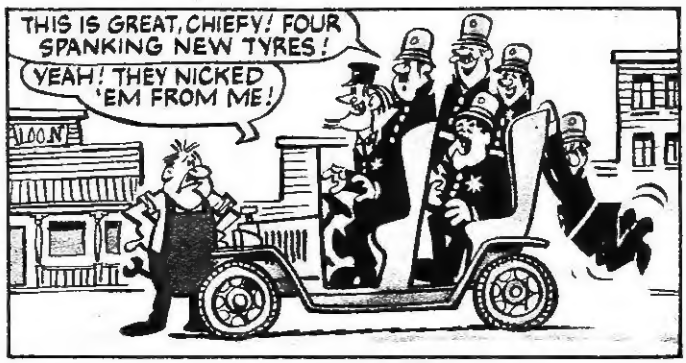


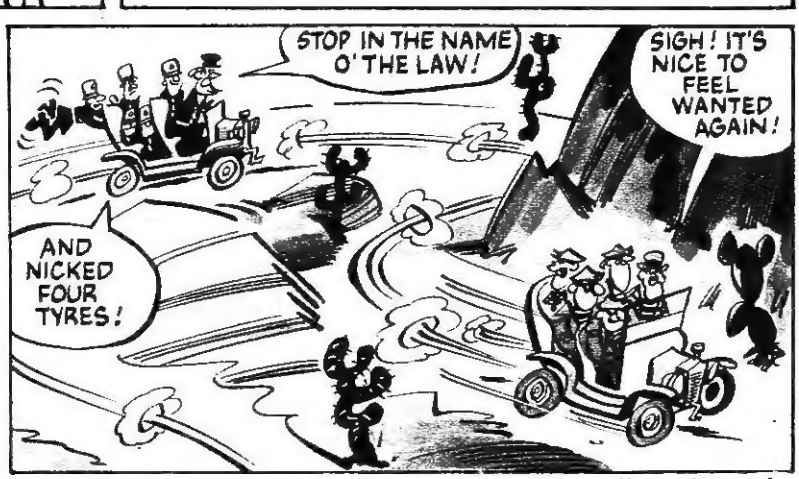

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, KOPS?
YEAH! WE JUST ROBBED THE BANK AND NONE OF YOU KOPS WERE THERE TO CHASE US! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? ROB US OF OUR FUN?


SORRY, KROOKS, BUT WE'RE KROOKS OURSELVES NOW!
THAT'S RIGHT. WE BROKE THE LAW BY RUNNING OUR KAR WITH FAULTY TYRES!
KRUMBS! KOME ON, 'LADS! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

SORRY ABOUT THIS, MISTER KLARKE—BUT IF WE DON'T NICK THESE TYRES THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE NO LAW AND ORDER IN THIS TOWN!
I GOT FOUR OF THE BEST, BOSS!

YOU KAN KOME OUT NOW, KOPS! WE'VE FITTED NEW TYRES ON YOUR KAR!
WE'RE MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU GENTLEMEN. WE NOW KNOW WHAT YOU POOR KROOKS GO THROUGH WHEN WE LOCK YOU UP!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, CHIEFY! IT WAS NOTHING!

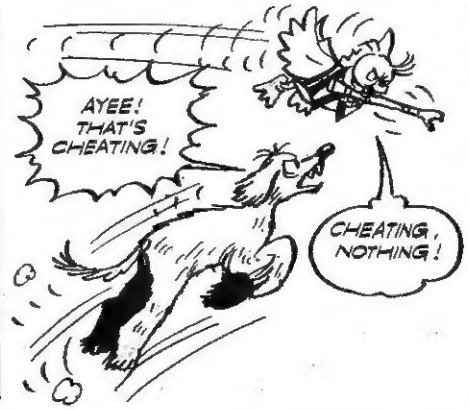




Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Next week Kackles when the Kops Klear the railroad track.

Tich and Quackers



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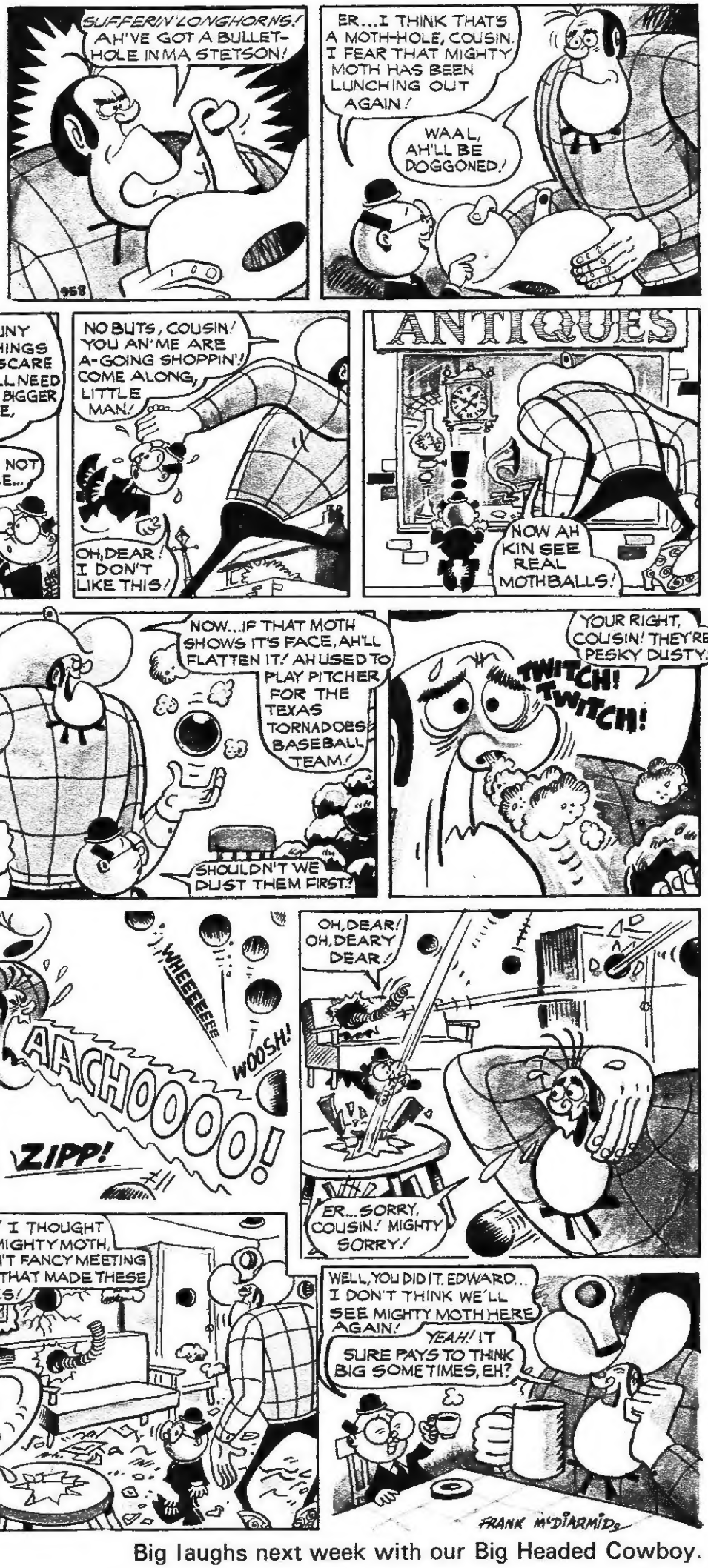
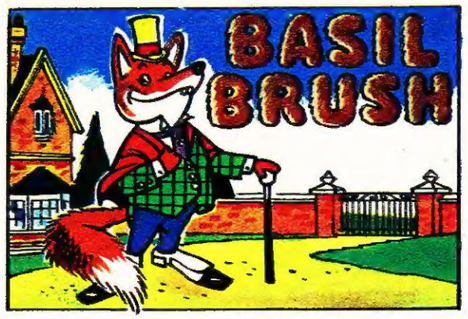
Medicine for Tich & Quackers next week.

TEXAS TED

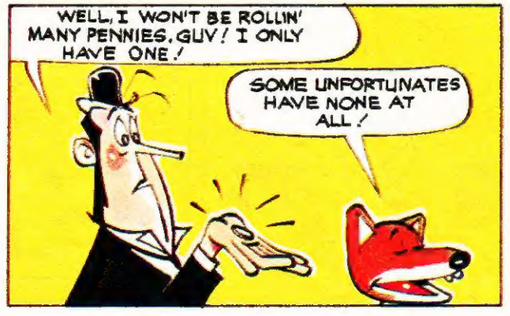
Big hat, big head

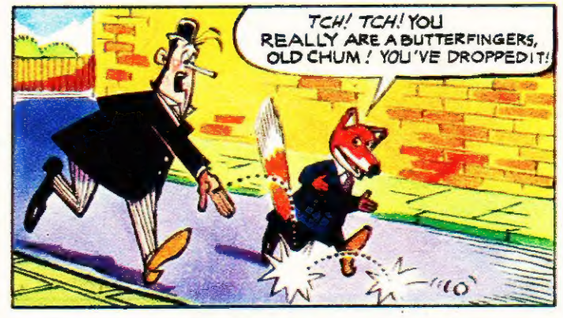

SUFFERIN' LONGHORNS! AH'VE GOT A BULLET-HOLE IN MA STETSON!
ER...I THINK THAT'S A MOTH-HOLE, COUSIN. I FEAR THAT MIGHTY MOTH HAS BEEN LUNCHING OUT AGAIN!
WAAL, AH'LL BE DOGGONED!
LUCKILY, I HAVE SOME MOTHBALLS... THEY SHOULD KEEP THAT MOTH AWAY FROM YOUR STETSON EDWARD
THEM PUNY LITTLE THINGS WOULDN'T SCARE A FLY! WE'LL NEED SOMETHING BIGGER THAN THESE, BOY!
BUT IT'S NOT THE SIZE...
NO BUTS, COUSIN! YOU AN' ME ARE A-GOING SHOPPIN'! COME ALONG, LITTLE MAN!
OH, DEAR! I DON'T LIKE THIS!
ANTIQUES
NOW AH KIN SEE REAL MOTHBALLS!
OH, DEAR! THESE ARE CANNONBALLS! I DO HOPE HE ISN'T GOING TO SHOOT AT THAT MOTH FROM A CANNON!
HOME, BOY!
NOW...IF THAT MOTH SHOWS IT'S FACE, AH'LL FLATTEN IT! AH USED TO PLAY PITCHER FOR THE TEXAS TORNADOES BASEBALL TEAM!
SHOULDN'T WE DUST THEM FIRST?
YOUR RIGHT, COUSIN! THEY'RE PESKY DUSTY!
TWITCH! TWITCH!
HELP! HE'S GOING TO SNEEZE!
WHEEEEEEE
AACHOOOOO!
WOOSH!
ZIPP!
OH, DEAR! OH, DEARY DEAR!
ER...SORRY, COUSIN! MIGHTY SORRY!
I THINK I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHEW AT TED'S STETSON. IT WAS PRETTY TASTY!
YEE-IKES! I THOUGHT I WAS A MIGHTY MOTH, BUT I DON'T FANCY MEETING THE MOTH THAT MADE THESE HOLES!
I'M OFF.. AND I'M NOT EVER COMING BACK!
WELL, YOU DID IT, EDWARD... I DON'T THINK WE'LL SEE MIGHTY MOTH HERE AGAIN!
YEAH! IT SURE PAYS TO THINK BIG SOMETIMES, EH?
FRANK McDIARMID

Big laughs next week with our Big Headed Cowboy.

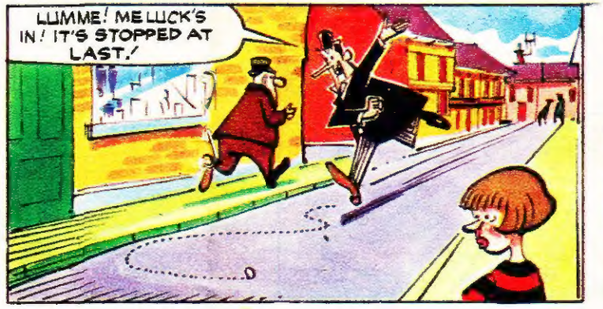


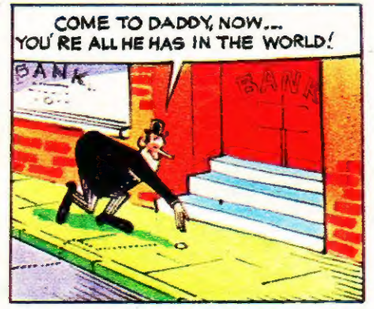
WE SHOULD BE HOLDIN' A FETE FOR OURSELVES! WE'RE STONY-BROKE AGAIN!
THAT'S NOT THE SPIRIT, CHUMMERS! ONE MUST DO HIS LITTLE BIT TO HELP OTHERS!

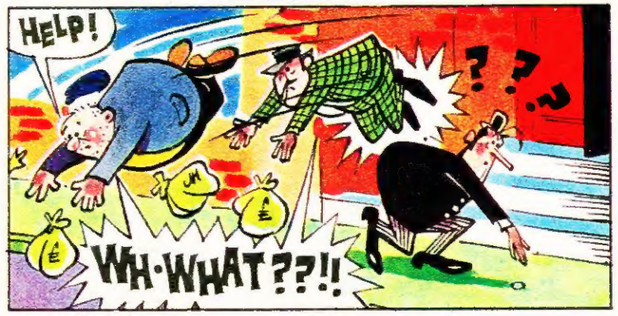


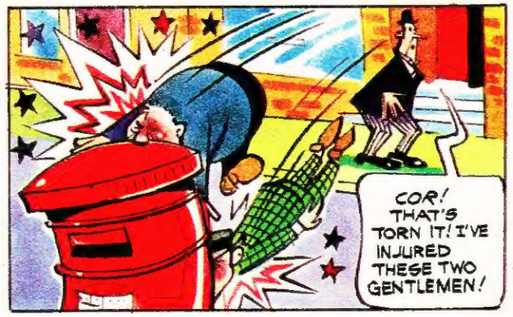


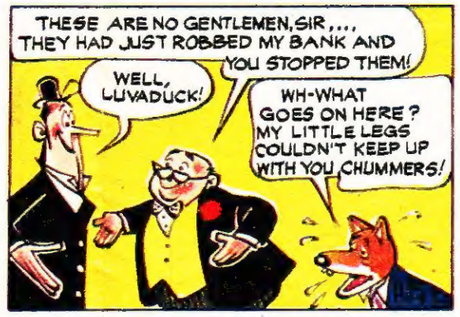
GRRR! IT'S ME LAST COPPER... AND I AIN'T GOIN' TO LOSE IT! I MIGHT NEVER HAVE ANOTHER!
I DON'T THINK THAT BUTLER OF MINE HAS CONFIDENCE IN MY MONEY-MAKING ABILITIES!










THESE ARE NO GENTLEMEN, SIR,... THEY HAD JUST ROBBED MY BANK AND YOU STOPPED THEM!
WELL, LUVADUCK!
WH-WHAT GOES ON HERE? MY LITTLE LEGS COULDN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU, CHUMMERS!

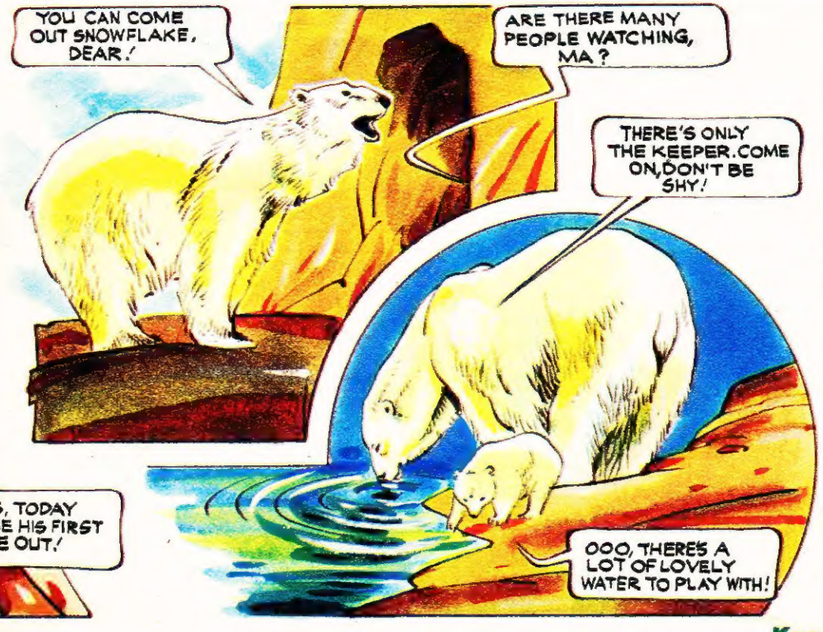
WE ARE INDEBTED TO YOU, SIR... KINDLY ACCEPT THIS AS A SMALL TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION!
GREAT BULGING BANKS! IT'S TEN QUID, OLD BEAN! YOU'RE RICH!

Join Basil and his batty butler in the next issue

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THE Polar Bears live in a very nice rocky place with a big deep pool to swim in. There are also some caves in the rocks and one very special cave belongs to Snowdrop.


YOU CAN COME OUT SNOWFLAKE, DEAR!
ARE THERE MANY PEOPLE WATCHING, MA?
THERE'S ONLY THE KEEPER. COME ON, DON'T BE SHY!
OOO, THERE'S A LOT OF LOVELY WATER TO PLAY WITH!

Keep watching for more animal magic

ASTRONUT

NICE OF YOU TO OFFER TO HELP ME PAINT MY HOUSE, OSCAR... I'VE BOUGHT THE PAINT!
YOU'LL NEVER PAINT A WHOLE HOUSE WITH A TINY TIN LIKE THAT!
PAINT
958
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK... BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN MY DUPLICATING MACHINE IN ACTION!
I JUST PULL THE LEVER AND...
BELCH!
HYSSSSS!
SAUNDA
BINGO!... FIVE TINS OF PAINT!
PAINT
BOY! THIS IS HARD WORK! IT'LL TAKE US DAYS TO FINISH THIS JOB!
GASP! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!
WHOOPS! LOOK OUT DOWN BELOW!
SLIP!
SPLUTT!
GLUB!
I'M SO SORRY, OSCAR...
YOU'D BETTER POP INSIDE FOR A SHOWER!
YES, I THINK I'D BETTER! GLUB!
SO..
BAH! I'VE GOT PAINT IN MY EYES... THIS FEELS LIKE THE SHOWER!
AAAAARGH! I MUST'VE STEPPED INTO THE DUPLICATING MACHINE BY MISTAKE!
OSCAR! OSCAR! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
SECONDS LATER
OH, MY GOSH! NOW THERE'S FIVE OF ME!
AND SO..
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TURN ME BACK INTO ONE OSCAR, ASTRO?
WHEN THE HOUSE IS FINISHED, OF COURSE ..... I'M NO FOOL! TE! HE! HE!

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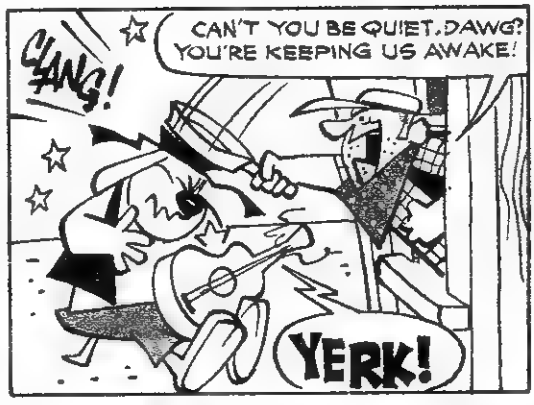
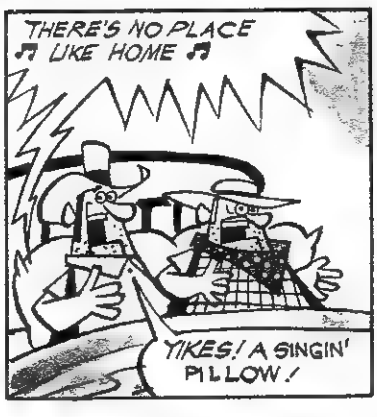
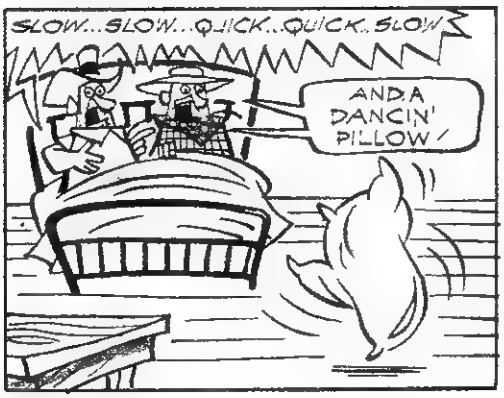
Next week more space fun when Oscar meets a girl friend.

Deputy Dawg

LATER....
A COUPLE OF BADDIES HAVE TAKEN OVER THE OFFICE, KIDS... IF THE SHERIFF FINDS OUT THIS DEPUTY AIN'T GOIN' T'BE A DEPUTY MUCH LONGER!
GAWSH! WE'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING!







LATER...
RECKON THOSE BADDIES DIDN'T LIKE MY SINGING EITHER, DEPUTY DAWG!
OR MY DANCIN!
AH GUESS THAT'S THE STRANGEST PILLOW FRIGHT YOU'LL EVER SEE!

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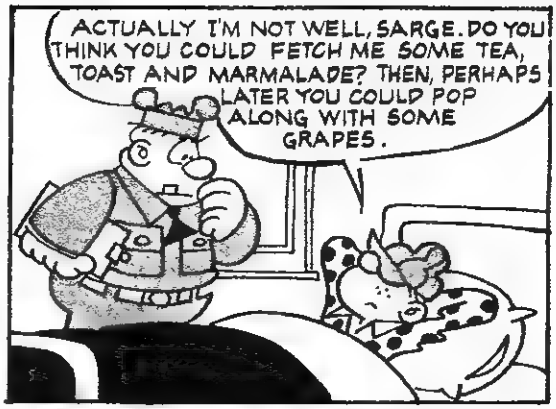
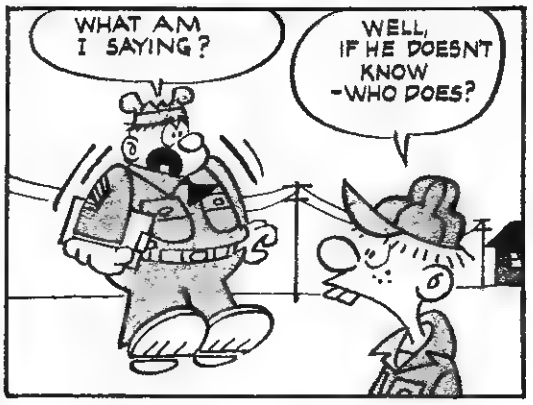
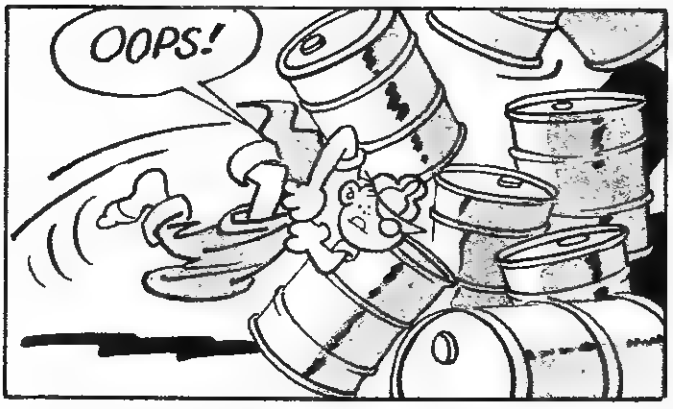
Still a ' dawg's ' life for Deputy Dawg next week.

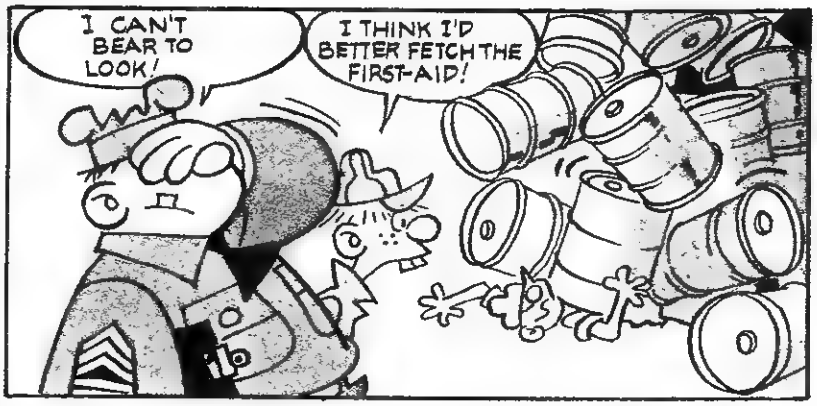
BEETLE BAILEY

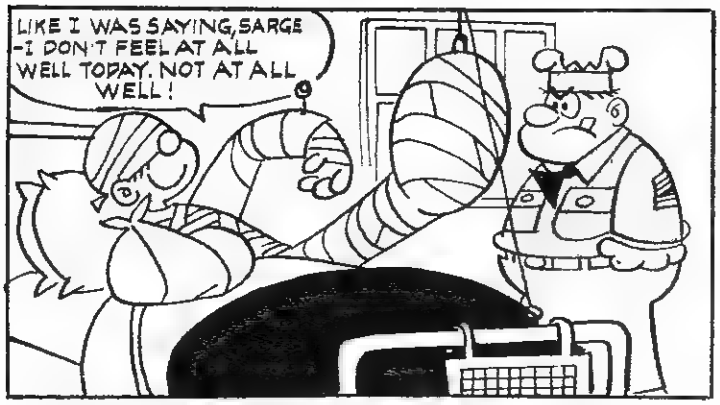
WHY ARE YOU LYING THERE, BEETLE? YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP AND ABOUT HOURS AGO!
GETTING UP DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A GOOD IDEA TODAY, SARGE.
958

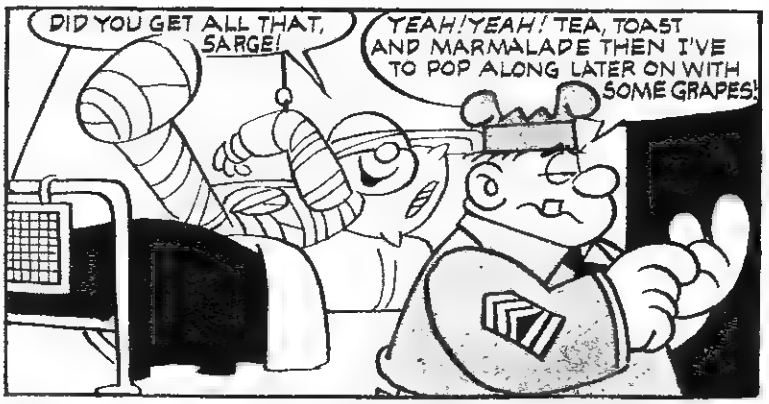

ACTUALLY I'M NOT WELL, SARGE. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD FETCH ME SOME TEA, TOAST AND MARMALADE? THEN, PERHAPS LATER YOU COULD POP ALONG WITH SOME GRAPES.











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More military mirth next week.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
SAVED BY THE BELL
THIS FEUDING'S BEEN GOING ON LONG ENOUGH! I'M GOING TO GET THAT BIRD ONCE AND FOR ALL!
958
YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF CAT!
?
IMAGINE STOOPIN' TO ALL THEM LOW TRICKS TO TRAP A POOR LITTLE FEATHERED CRITTUR! AH CAN'T RESPECT NO CAT THAT FIGHTS DIRTY. AH LIKE A GOOD CLEAN FIGHT
TRUST THAT PIRATE TO SPOIL EVERYTHING! LOOKS LIKE THIS CAT'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE A GENTLEMAN THIS WEEK!
ATTACAT! TEN ROUNDS-AND MAY THE BEST CRITTUR WIN!
WHAT'S SYLWESTER WUP TO??
THUNK
PUT YOUR MITTS UP, BIRD! TEN ROUNDS. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN AND STUFF LIKE THAT.
SUFFWING HENWY CWOOPERS SLYWESTER'S GONE OFF HIS WOCKER!
START OF THE FIRST ROUND. COME OUT FIGHTING, FIGHT CLEAN AND NO HOLDING IN THE CLINCHES!
CLANG CLANG
CWIKEY! SYLWESTER'S SEWIOUS!
??
SNATCH!
I DIDN'T SAY I'D FWIGHT CLEAN!
CLANG!
HELP! SCHPLUTTER! FOUL, REF!
GRR! WHERE ARE YOU, BIRD? GIVE ME A SIGN AND I'LL PULVERISE YOU!
YEEAAGH! FOUL, REF! BELOW THE BELT! ARREST THAT BIRD!
I'M AN EXPWERT AT WOOSING THE WOPES!
TRIP!
CLANG!
SEVWEN-EIGHT-NINE-TWEN WOUT!
GREAT BLISTERIN' BROADSIDES: IT'S ALL OVER ALREADY! WE MISSED IT!
AND TWEETY DIE WON!
NOT A WORD FROM YOU, SIR! THERE ISN'T ANY POINT IN THIS CAT FIGHTING FAIR, WHEN THAT BIRD FIGHTS DIRTY. IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF FROM NOW ON!!!

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Bugs in another fun show next week.

Pick of the Jokes

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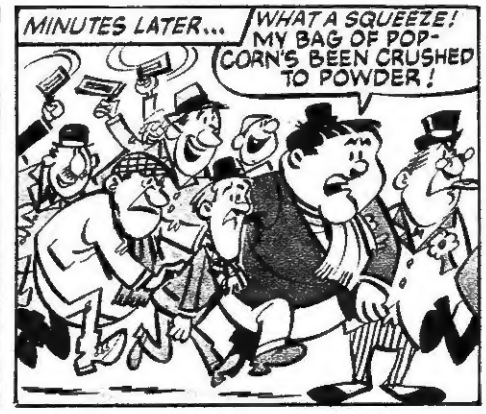
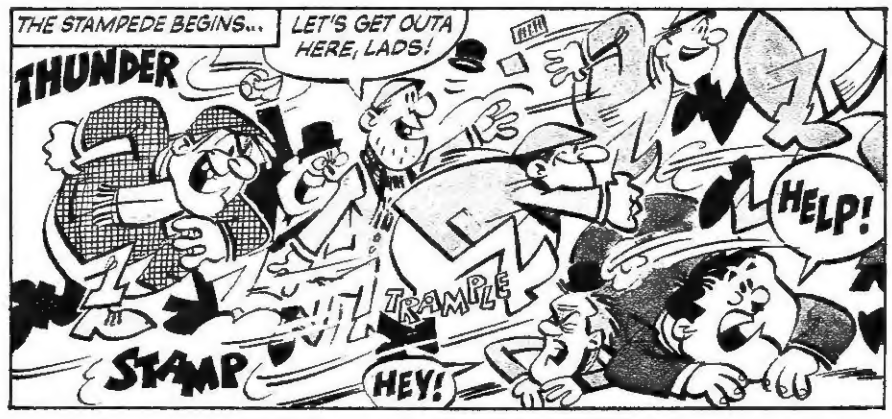
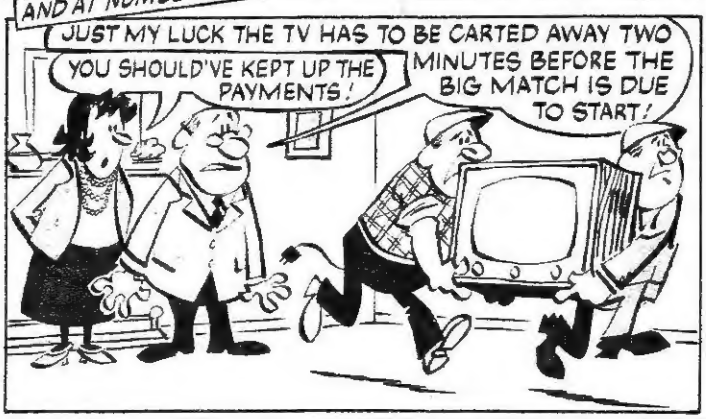


HUH! WE GET PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES, JOSTLED AROUND LIKE CATTLE AND NOW WE'VE A COUPLE OF GIRAFFES IN FRONT OF US!
RRA!
RA!
RA!
I CAN'T SEE A THING!



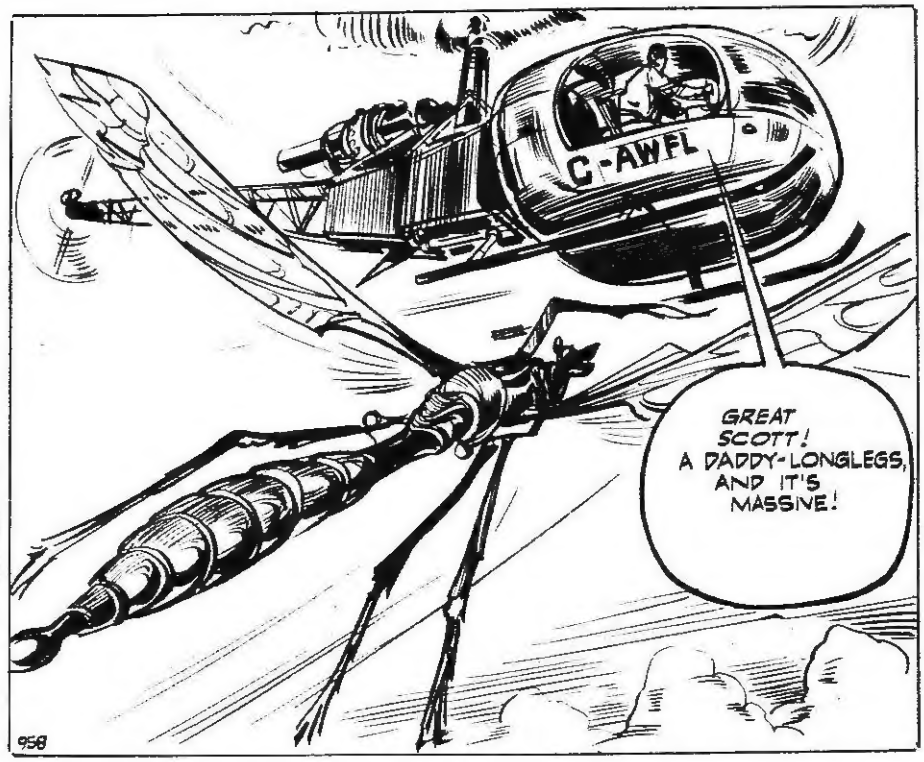

AND AT NUMBER 12...
JUST MY LUCK THE TV HAS TO BE CARTED AWAY TWO MINUTES BEFORE THE BIG MATCH IS DUE TO START!
YOU SHOULD'VE KEPT UP THE PAYMENTS!

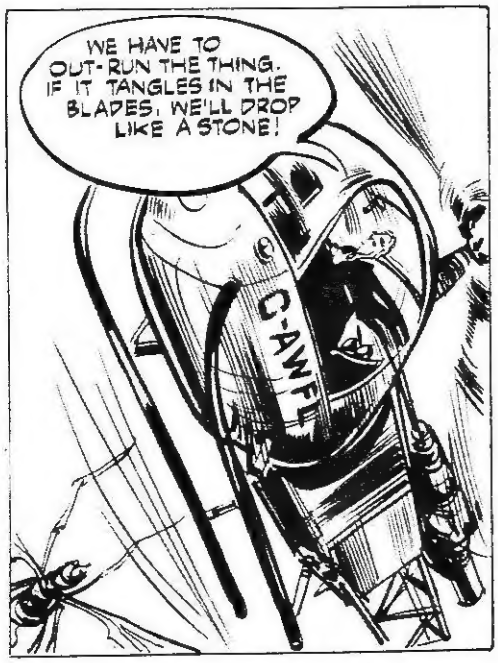
A LITTLE LATER...
NICE OF YOU TO LET US WATCH THE GAME ON ON YOUR TV, OLLIE! UP THE CITY!
SO MUCH FOR WATCHING FROM THE COMFORT OF OUR OWN LIVING ROOM! BAH!
RA RA!
RA RA
RA RA!

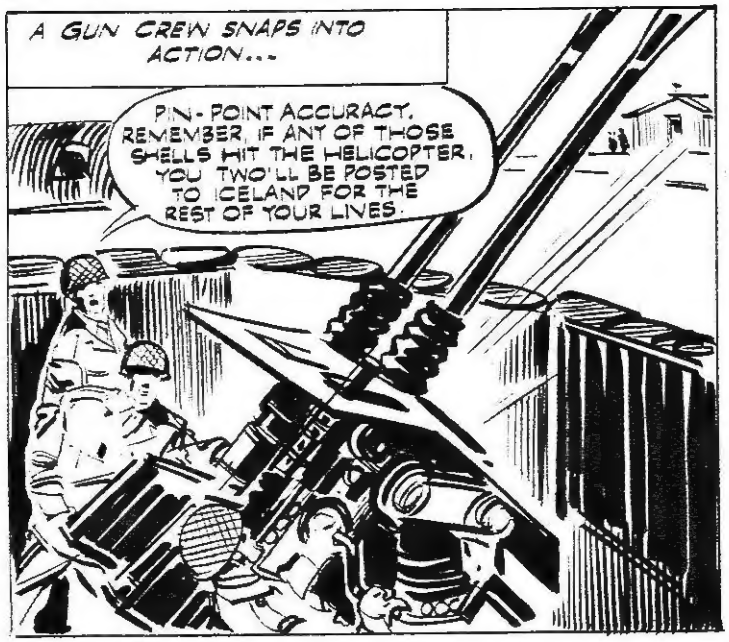
TV Comic incorporating TV Express & Rocket and TV Land is printed in Great Britain by Samuel Stephen Ltd., Upper Norwood, S.E.19, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London E.C.4. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London E.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1970.

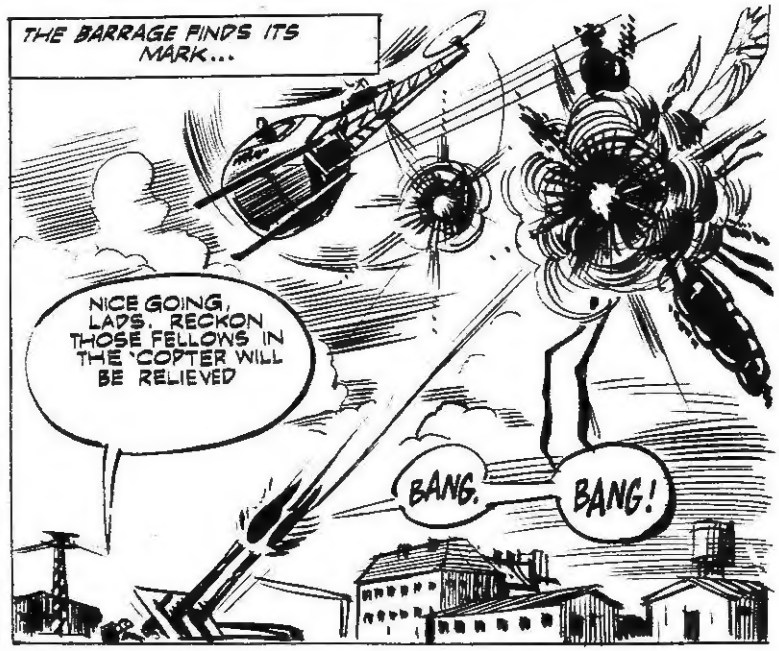
DOCTOR WHO

GIANT insects have been turning up in an area of countryside surrounding a small farm. Dr. Who and the Brigadier are flying to investigate a battle taking place between two monster ants when something sinister flits towards them . . .






A GUN CREW SNAPS INTO ACTION...
PIN-POINT ACCURACY, REMEMBER. IF ANY OF THOSE SHELLS HIT THE HELICOPTER, YOU TWO'LL BE POSTED TO ICELAND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIVES.



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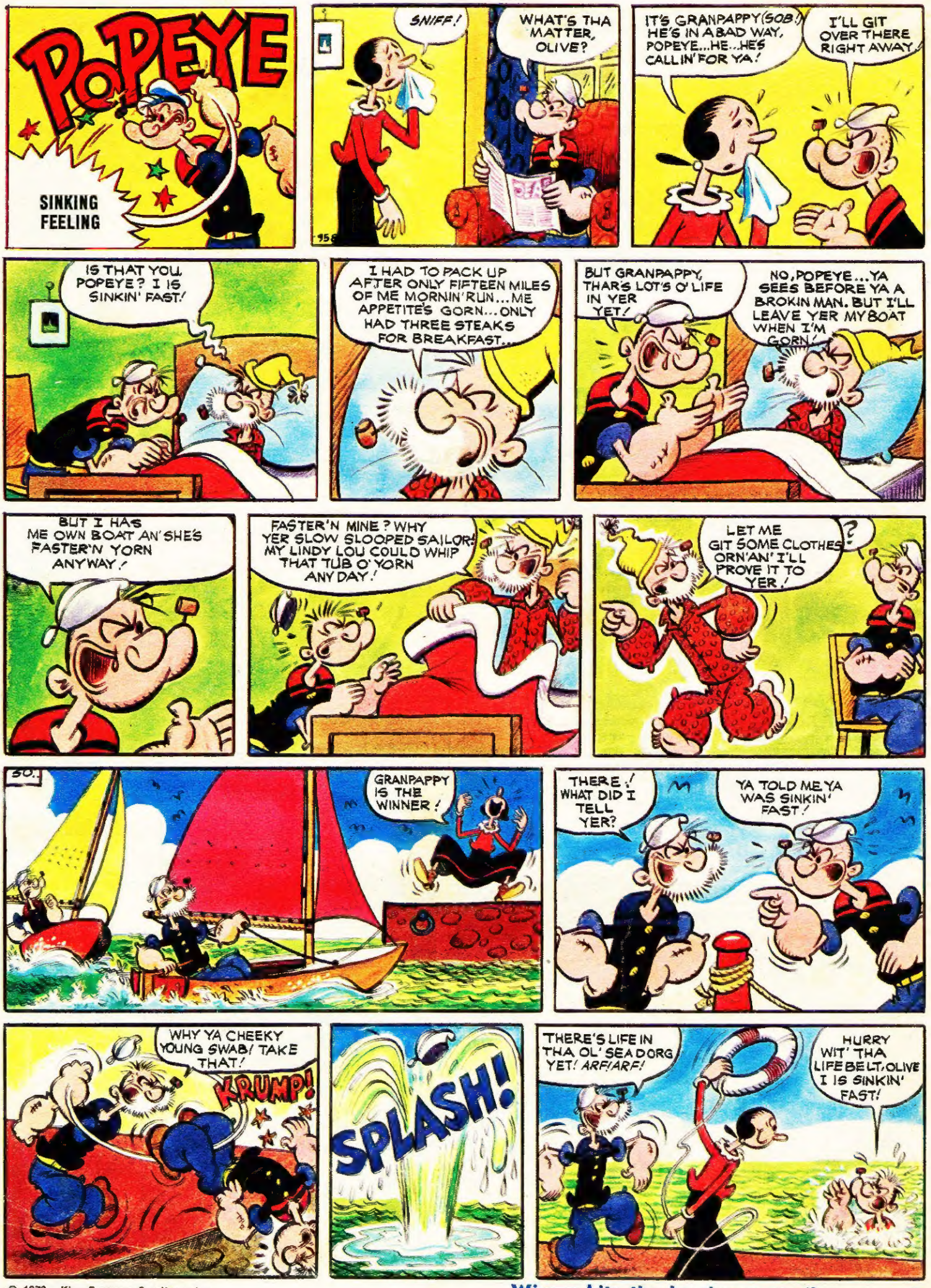
NOW THAT'S OVER, YOU'D BETTER TAKE ME BACK TO THE HANGER!
BUT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FLYING ON TO DEAL WITH THOSE ANTS!
GET SOME OF YOUR MEN ON THE JOB, I HAVE TO QUESTION FARMER LANE. IT'S FAR MORE IMPORTANT!
LATER, BACK AT THE HANGER...
ACCORDING TO FARMER LANE, HE SPRAYED HIS CROPS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE HIDEOUS CATERPILLARS APPEARED...
...WE MUST CONTACT THE FIRM THAT MANUFACTURED THIS SPRAY, I THINK I'M ON TO SOMETHING!
WITHIN HOURS A SAMPLE OF THE SPRAY HAS BEEN DELIVERED TO DOCTOR WHO FOR TESTING...
AS I THOUGHT, THERE'S BEEN SOME ERROR IN THE PRODUCTION, RESULTING IN FREAK CHEMICAL ACTION!
A CHEMICAL THAT PRODUCES THAT... AND ALL THE OTHER CREATURES WE'VE ENCOUNTERED
AS THOUGH ENRAGED BY THE DOCTOR'S WORDS, THE MIGHTY CATERPILLAR BECOMES SUDDENLY RESTLESS...
IT'S STARTING TO MOVE, THE CAGE ISN'T GOING TO HOLD IT!

Will the cage hold this giant caterpillar ? See next week.


POPEYE
SINKING FEELING
SNIFF!
WHAT'S THA MATTER, OLIVE?
IT'S GRANPAPPY (SOB!) HE'S IN A BAD WAY, POPEYE...HE...HE'S CALLIN' FOR YA!
I'LL GIT OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!
IS THAT YOU, POPEYE? I IS SINKIN' FAST!
I HAD TO PACK UP AFTER ONLY FIFTEEN MILES OF ME MORNIN' RUN... ME APPETITE'S GORN... ONLY HAD THREE STEAKS FOR BREAKFAST...
BUT GRANPAPPY, THAR'S LOT'S O' LIFE IN YER YET!
NO, POPEYE... YA SEES BEFORE YA A BROKIN MAN. BUT I'LL LEAVE YER MY BOAT WHEN I'M GORN!
BUT I HAS ME OWN BOAT AN' SHE'S FASTER'N YORN ANYWAY!
FASTER'N MINE? WHY YER SLOW SLOOPED SAILOR! MY LINDY LOU COULD WHIP THAT TUB O' YORN ANY DAY!
LET ME GIT SOME CLOTHES ORN'AN' I'LL PROVE IT TO YER!
SO...
GRANPAPPY IS THE WINNER!
THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YER?
YA TOLD ME YA WAS SINKIN' FAST!
WHY YA CHEEKY YOUNG SWAB! TAKE THAT!
KRUMP!
SPLASH!
THERE'S LIFE IN THA OL' SEA DORG YET! ARF! ARF!
HURRY WIT' THA LIFE BELT, OLIVE I IS SINKIN' FAST!

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Wimpy hits the hamburger trail next week